REMAINS

OF

Mr. *John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON,

inted for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden-Ball* over against the *Royal Exchange in Cornhil.* 1694.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought* to *acquaint the World, that the reason* why *he exposed them now in Print, was not* much *for his own Interest* (*tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence,* will *no more be believed now adays, than a* borough *paced Fanatick, that pretends he* takes *a journey to* New England *purely for* conscience *sake*) *but for securing the reputation of Mr.* Oldham ; *which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and* out *of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good* fortune *to publish first his Pieces.*

He *confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of* Authors, *especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent* out *with more advantages into the World,* had *they not been prevented by untimely* death ; *and therefore assures you he had ne-*

ver preſumed to Print theſe following Miſcellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unqueſtionable repute and eſteem.

He is not of the ſame perſuaſion with ſeveral others of his own profeſſion, that never care howmuch they leſſen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhanſe the value of the Book; that ranſack the Studies of the deceaſed, and Print all that paſſed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has expreſt it) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.

To

To the MEMORY of Mr. *OLDHAM.*

FArewel, too little and to lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
Early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel you young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate & gloomy Night encompaſs thee around

John Dryden

Authori Epitaphium.

HOC, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! sors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cœlum animâ petentis.

Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diù,
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus
Efflorvit, portisque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.

Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,
Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,
Oxonii coluit Parentis.

Hîc quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepi, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris signa, necnon
Innocui simulacra cordis.

Sed manè montis summa cacumina
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Insedit, atque errore multo
Ipsum Helicona scatere vidit.

Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,
Pulchrasque primævi figuras,
In speculo species creante.

At Tu, viator, Numina poscito,
Ut dissolutis reliquiis, vaga
Dum mens remigret, detur——ah! sit
Terra levis, placidusque somnus.

On the Death of Mr. J. Oldham.

A Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoutedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miſerable *Aſtragon!*
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderneſs to roam,
While all thy boſom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not ſtay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleaſure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away
With an invincible Surorize;
Th' Angel like Youth early diſlik'd this State,
And chearfully ſubmitted to his Fate.
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial Birth
Form a purer piece of Earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had anſwer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy ſilver Hairs,
Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even thou,

Of whom ſo loudly Fame has ſpoke
In the Records of her immortal Book,
Whoſe diſregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Laſh of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncenſur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th'inſtructive Bards, whoſe more than
Theban Lyre
Could ſavage Souls with manly Thoughts inſpire,
Menalcas worthy was to live.
Say, you his Fellow Shepherds that ſurvive,
Tell me, ye mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,
In all theſe penſive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:
Which of you all did more Majeſtick Show,
Or wore the Garland on a ſweeter Brow?

III.

——But wayward *Aſtragon* reſolves no more
The loſs of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
Is altogether bleſt;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breaſt,
No midnight Cares can break his Reſt;
For all is everlaſting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's Bliſs there ſhall he long poſſeſs,
Perfect Eaſe and ſoft Receſs;

The

The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,
And the dull wealthy Fool's diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide;
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end. *Thomas Flatman.*

In Memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort-ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſudden as thy Herſe;
From my ſick Thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire.
My *Hybla* Muſe through humble Meads ſought Spoil,
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil:
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice amongſt the tow'ring Swans was heard,
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In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;
Yet,

Yet, ſweet *Alexis*, my Eſteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
Death is my Gain—that Thought affects me moſt,
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has loſt.
For Wit with thee expir'd, how ſhall I grieve?
Who grudge th' ingratefull Age what thou didſt leave,
The Tribute of their Verſe let others ſend,
And mourn the Poet gone, I morn the Friend.
Enjoy the Fate—thy Predeceſſors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to ſerve a gratefull Age?
For ſuch Rewards what Task will Authors ſhun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raiſe;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praiſe.
Let me retire, while ſome ſublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou haſt done for *Homer* and for *Ben*.

N. T.

On the enſuing Poems *of* M. John Oldham, *and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious Author.*

OBſcure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven deſign'd to blot it from the year.
The Elements all ſeem'd to diſagree,
At leaſt, I'm ſure, they were at ſtrife in me;

Poſſeſt

Possest with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a sweet Blossom from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye
In his rare Garden of Philosophy.
The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the news:
For we with mutual Arms of Friendship strove,
Friendship the true and solid part of Love;
And he so many Graces had in store,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verse appears,
Many his Vertues were, tho' few his Years;
Which were so spent as if by Heaven contriv'd,
To lash the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than
A Poet in its sacred Quality: (he,
Inspir'd above, and could command each Passion,
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature still possest his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breast controul;
Modest as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;
And easie as his Numbers that sublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,
Till the Time's Ignominy inspir'd his Pen,
And rouz'd the drowsie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his Aversion still,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark, whose Noise proclaims his empty Pate,
That struts aloug the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,
And as he well could judg, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer* he with care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortall *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal* (dwell,
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning
But Pride to know he understood it well.
Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius*
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree (came,
A glorious Crown of Immortality. (below,
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their reward;
And Heaven in *Oldham*'s Fortune seem'd to show,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ingratefull Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

On the Death of Mr. J. Oldham.

HArk! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham*'s fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile,
In whome both Wit and Knowledge did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt,
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er;
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme,
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes more fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm, or Rain;
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain.
But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?
In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere,
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire,
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modesty.
So far from Ostentation he did seem,
That he was meanest in his own Esteem.
Alass, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Misery?
Our Misery in losing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess.
And strait be banish'd from that Happiness,
Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?
The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:
So having once so great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier must our sorrows be?
For if such Flights were in thy yonger Days,
What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise?
Eternall Wreaths of never dying Bays:

But

But thoſe are due already to thy Name,
Which ſtands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;
And though thy great remains to Aſhes turn,
With laſting Praiſes we'll ſupply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps ſhall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I ſee thee rove
Through the ſmooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben* ſalutes the firſt, o'erjoy'd to ſee,
The Youth that Sung his fame and Memory:
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON, an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. Alexis.

BEneath a diſmal Yew the Shepherds ſate,
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muſe and *Damon*'s Fate?
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Eaſe;
For ſometimes Melancholy it ſelf does pleaſe:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to diſtreſs,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Muſick they expreſs.
Cor. I'll ſing no more ſince Verſes want a Charm,
The Muſes could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more;
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell itſelf ſuſpend:
Tax *Proſerpine* of cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon*'s Muſe, and *Damon*'s Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſung he ſung with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown; (way,
He would have charm'd their Senſe a nobler
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray,
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the Worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe. (wear,
A. Codrus, you know, that Sacred Badge does
And 'twere injurous not to leave it there;
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected Rhime,
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate, (Fate.
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon*'s ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idea* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
And from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.
A. Once and but once (ſo Heaven and Fate ordain)
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you muſt be he;
Too long already we have Strangers been,
This Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
Let Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait;
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
While rich *Sabean* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
Wit was the Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
With Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part;
Not Half content; for this was but a Taſt,
And wond'ring how th' Minutes flew ſo faſt,
They vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
So we——but oh how much am I accurs'd!
To think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occasioned by the present Edition of the ensuing Poems, *and the Death of the ingenous* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when first this Godly Isle
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,
When all is Pain and weariness at best:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.
Avoid the nasty *learned* dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues then ever Jakes or Dunghils did.
The want of Dulness will the World undo,
Tis learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
Worse then the Pox, or scolding Woman fly
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.
That *Bedlam Bess*, *Religion* never more
Phantastick, pie ball'd, antick Dresses wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;
Tis Folly, christn'd with a modish Name.
Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It spoils the Man, and makes an *Hipocrite*.

The

The chief Professors to preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the baseſt *Simony*.
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpell teach,
And *inſpir'd* Ign'rance ſounder Doctrins preach.
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does ſhew,
Which reaſoning and Diſputes can never know.
Yet ſtill proud Tyrant *Sence* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threeſcore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circl'd round,
Each man muſt be with *Snakes* and *Monkeys* drown'd:
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waſte that Life whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain.
We blindly hurry on in Myſtick ways,
Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praiſe.
There's nought deſerves one precious drop of ſweat,
But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more laſting Life beget.
Not that which ſudden, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wine and Pride, not Heaven, ſhall raiſe the Muſe.
Not that ſmall Stock which does Tranſlators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetaſters take:
But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
With ſuch great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That even *Saul* and *Madneſs* could admire.
With ſuch great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
That *David*'s Lamentation ſung ſo wel.

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the Worlds Delight.
Sometimes in boundleſs keeneſt Satyr bold,
Sometimes as ſoft as thoſe Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praiſe, and Virtue too diſgrace;
The firſt *Exceſs* of Wit that e'er did pleaſe.
Scarce *Cowley* ſuch Pindarique ſoaring knew,
Yet by his Reader ſtill was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove*'s Eagle, liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder ſtill would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingſton!* had thy lovely Gueſt
With a large ſtock of Youth and Life been bleſt;
Not all thy Greatneſs, or thy Vertues ſtore
Had ſurer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.
But Oh! the date is ſhort of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His ſoul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To thoſe lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And ſpight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed ſays only Poets can be ſav'd.
That God has only for a number ſtaid,
To ſtop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their abſence can ſo well ſupply;
They are all o're Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not that till then the World ſhall burn,
And its baſe Droſe, Mankind, their fortune mourn,
While all to their old nothing quick return.
The peeviſh Critick then ſhall be aſham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26th. 1684.

T. Wood.

On the Death of Mr. Oldham.

A PASTORAL.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak
Unmindful of himself *Menalcas* lean'd;
He sought not now in heat the shades of Trees,
But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass:
Nor fed his sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wandred out at large.
In this lamenting state Young *Corydon*
His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

Corydon.

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted and by Thunder rent?
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind?
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend:
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

Young *Aſtrophel* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophel*,
He that could Tune ſo well his charming Pipe:
To hear whoſe Lays Nymphs left their Cryſtal
Spring,
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forſook the woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd: Swifteſt Streams
With-held their Courſe to hear the Heavenly
Sound,
And murmur'd when by following Waves preſt on,
The following Waves foreing their Way to hear.
Oft the Fierce wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Leſt the Puſuit rather than loſe the Sound
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf and liſtned to the Sound
He could command a general Peace and Nature
would obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame Diſeaſe,
That carried ſweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophel*: Oh Let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loſs,
And General the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he,

Who

Who Sung learn'd *Collin's, or great* Al- *Spencer and Johnson.
gon's Praise?
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him
Did he not mourn lamented *Bion's Death; *Rochester
In Verse equal to what *Bion* wrote:

Menalcas.

Yet this was he (oh that I say he was)
He that could sing the Shepherds deeds so well.
Whether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,
Or lash the egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both he did excel.——
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more fast than he could write,
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught
Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrought!

Menalcas.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend:
But for himself he dyed in the best Hour,

And carry'd with him ev'ry mans Applauſe,
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,
Nor ſuffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have ſeen the World,
Put on its uglieſt but its trueſt Face:
Malice had watch'd the Dropings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks paſs,
Had thrown their ſcornful Jeſts upon his Vene,
And cenſur'd what they did not underſtand.
Such was not my dear *Aſtrophel*: he's dead,
And I ſhall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a laſting Darkneſs, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Paſſion.

Corydon.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Aſtrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning: drive them home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with eaſing Sleep.
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too buſie with Immutable Decree,
could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,
hat lent ſo much, to be requir'd ſo ſoon:
he Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are dreſt ſo gay,
Altho' they are ſhort liv'd, they live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life wert ſnatch'd away:
Though not before thy Verſe had wonders ſhown,
And bravely made the Age to come thine own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine;
They quickly periſh; yours was ſtill the ſame,
An Everlaſting, but a Lambent Flame;
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart,
It ſtill through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:
Unlike the Wretch that ſtrives to get Eſteem,
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme:
Ah Fooliſh men, (whom thou didſt ſtill deſpiſe)
That muſt be wicked to be counted wiſe!
But thy Converſe was from this Errour free;
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:
None had it, but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But

But while we thus thy Native Sweetneſs ſing
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting:
Thy Satyr ſpar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes;
Satyr! the beſt Reformer of the Times! (Fame
How wide ſhoot they, that ſtrive to blaſt th
By ſaying, that thy Verſe was rough and lame
They would have Satyr their Compaſſion
move,
And write ſo plyant, nicely, and ſo ſmooth,
As if the Muſe were in a Flux of Love:
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would
ſing,
Muſt Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting:
In ſhort, who in that Field would Famous be,
Muſt think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.
Let others boaſt of all the Mighty Nine,
To make their Labours with more Luſtre ſhine
I never had no other Muſe but Thee;
Ev'n thou wert all the mighty Nine to me:
'Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt in-
ſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire;
But 'tis a warmth that does with Thee expire:
For when the Sun is ſet that guides the Day,
The Traveller muſt ſtop, or loſe his Way.

Robert Gould

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COUN-

COUNTERPART TO THE SATYR against VERTUE.

In Perſon of the Author.

I.

PArdon me, Vertue, Whatſoe'er thou art
(For ſure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him muſt be
The very Deity)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaſpheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers & Vows,
The beſt Atonement of my penitent humble Muſe,
The beſt that Heaven requires, or Mankind can produce.
All my Attempts hereafter ſhall at thy Devotion be.
Ready to conſecrate my Ink & very Blood to thee,
Forgive me, ye bleſt Souls that dwell above,
Where

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now but Love.
And you unhappy happy few,
Who strive with Life, and Humane Miseries below,
Forgive me too,
If I in ought disparag'd them, or else discourag'd you.

II.

Blest Virtue! whose Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race restore
All that in Paradise, we lost, and more,
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but restly Fools refuse,
Which before freedom I would ever chuse.
Easie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Easie as those of Lovers are,
(If I with ought less pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.
By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;

So

So gentle is the Chain which them to Good
does bind.
e Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark
we steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of black Despair.
e in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the Threatning Storms that
blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
nd reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

st Mistriss of our Souls! whose Charms and
Beauties last,
And are by very Age increast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than All the Race of Woman kind e'er
brought,
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were
fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion
share.
hat tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,

Are

Are all but glorious Brutes when un endowe
with thee.
'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse,
In whose Enjoyment tho' we find
A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Concience with incura
ble Remorse,
Or else betray us to the great Trepans of Human
Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thraldom, harder Dru
gery,
Whereby deposing Reason from its gent
Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we shoul
obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,
And to un-number'd servile Passions Homage
pay,
These with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enslave,
And governd with unlimited command;
They make us endless Toil pursue,
And still their doubled Tasks renew,
To push on our too hasty Fate, and build ou
Grave,
Or which is worse, to keep us from the Promis'
Land.

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We struggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:
In vain we strive to break that Chain,
Unless a Miracle relieve;
Unless the Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never must expect Delivery,
Till Death, the universal Writ of Ease, does set us free.

V.

Some sordid Avarice in Vassallage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines;
These are in its harsh *Bridewel* lash'd and punish-ed,
And with hard Labour scarce can earn their Bread,
Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,
Exposes cruel, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's Great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro' Bloud they wade to Fame,
To purchase grining Honour and an empty Name,
And some by Tyrant Lust are Captive led,
And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed;

'Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Desires,
Life's o'er charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff expires.

VI.

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby she does attract her Votaries:
All those Allurements and those Charms,
Which pimp Transgressors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid Harms.
In vain she would her Dowry boast,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,
But with unvaluable Cost;
Which got we never can retain;
But must the greatest part be lost,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vastly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we make,
In which our Lives, our Souls, our All is set at stake,

Like

Like silly *Indians*, foolish we
With a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold
Whilst led by an ill-judging Eye,
W'admire a trifling Pageantry,
nd merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
or worthless Glass and Beads, or an *Exchange*'s
Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,
Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vast Custom to be paid,
e're forc'd at last like wretched Bankrupts to
give out,
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut:

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we
strive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;
ut like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.

Posthumous Toy! vain after Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our selves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who durst on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear experience find
More changeable, more veering than the unconstant Wind.
What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Misers eye
Which he does so devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.
'Tis Use alone can all thy value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curst Mineral! near Neigh'bring Hell begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbour-hood hast brought.
Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany;
From thee they all derive their stock and Pedigree.
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes dost store,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of more.

And what is Pleasure which does most beguile?
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering Smile.
We listen to the treacherous Harmony,
Which sings but our own Obsequy.
The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'scape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefest Happiness
In the Extravagancies of Excess,
Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease?
O mighty envied Happiness to eat!
Which fond mistaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where wild Brutes are fain
To make and keep up Man!

Which, when the Paradise above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Disease the sickly Joys destroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,
Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we
Fansie a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;
And think we taste, and think we see,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more solid lasting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.
One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,
Which we derive from Sence,
Which often cloys and, must resign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State?

Above

Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate;
Above her Favours and her Hate.
I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of *Peru*,
And those of t'other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæsar*'s self with all his Trophies and his Fame,
And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-shrievalties of Life not worth a Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliss,
Like others, to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness;
Should all Mankind surcease to live,
And none but individual I survive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.
Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air:
Soft as my Muse, and unconfin'd as she,
When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.
And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Test which all must bear,

Which beſt diſtinguiſhes the bleſt and wretched here;

I'll ſmile at all its Horrors, court my welcome Deſtiny,

And yield my willing Soul up in an eaſie Sigh;

And Epicures that ſee ſhall envy and confeſs,

That I, and thoſe who dare like me be good, the chiefeſt Good poſſeſs.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

Damon and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains
mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
ll tell their Charming Numbers which the Herd,
mindfull of their Graſs, in Throngs admir'd.
t which fierce Savages aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
d every River ſtopt its liſtning Flood.
For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
ou ſpread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore.
r with a gentle or a ſteady hand
Peace or Plenty rule your Native Land.
hall ever that auſpicious Day appear,
hen I your glorious Actions ſhall declare?

It

It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer*'s Verſe.
With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Among the Laurels which your Temples bind
'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhade with-drew,
And left the Graſs all hung with Pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.
D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive out the Day,
While wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
With my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Menalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And taking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
he first that would not let the Reeds untun'd
remain.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
opsus weds *Nisa*, Gods! What Lover e'er
ed after this have reason to despair?
ffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age
he Deer & Hounds in Friendship shall engage.
, *Mopsus*, get the Torches ready soon;
hou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.
, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut scramble
make,
e Evening star quits *Oeta* for thy sake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
ow fitly art thou match'd who was so nice!
hou haughty Nymph who did'st all else de-
spise!
hy slight it so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
y rough grown Eye-brows, and unshaven
Beard,
nd think'st no God does mortal things re-
gard.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

I saw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride
To shew you to the best, and be your Guide.
Then I just entring my twelfth Year was found
I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.
Heav'ns! when I saw, how soon was I undone
How to my heart did the quick Poyson run!
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africks* wildest Desarts gave him Birth,
Amongst the Cannibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Country was.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Children's Bloud, a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to say of both which is the worst,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst.

curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
Devil a whit to chuse betwixt the two.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now
the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
the coarse *Alders* bear the *Daffadill*,
costly Amber from the Thorn distil:
Owls match Swans, let *Tyt'rus Orpheus* be,
the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!
some high Mountains top I'll get me now,
thence my self into the Waters throw.
ere quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
kept this my last dying Will and Legacy.
Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains
Which I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This

This *Damon*'s Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alpheus Reply: All cannot all things do.
A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around,
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillits bound:
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn,
I'll try if I by Magick force can turn
My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire
His frozen Breaſt: Nothing but Charms
wanting here
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop
Moon,
And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down
By charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd
Oft in the Meads with their own Poyſon burſt
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms*

, these three several Threads I compass round
y Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound:
n round these Altars thrice thy Image bear;
d Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
tie me in three knots three Ribands now,
d let the Ribands be of diff'rent Hue:
Amaryllis, tie them strait, and cry,
he same time, They're true love knots, I tye.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
ok how this Clay grows harder, and look how
h the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow;
Daphnis, let him with my love do so,
row Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)
d set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
his naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,
d I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis* Name.

Bring

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place,
Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, & Wa
On some green Rivers bank lies down at last:
There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlor
And tho' belated, minds not to return:
Let *Daphnis*'s Case be such, and let not me
Take any Care to give a Remedy.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm reft:
Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; these Pledges *Daphnis* owe

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms*

Of *Maris* I theſe Herbs and Poyſons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* ſtore are bred:
With theſe I've oft ſeen *Maris* Wonders do,
Turn himſelf Wolf, and to the Foreſt go:
I've often ſeen him Fields of Corn diſplace,
From whence they grew, and Ghoſts in Church yards raiſe.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Go, Maid, go, bear the Aſhes out at door,
And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current pour,
Over thy Head, and don't look back be ſure:
I'll try, what theſe on *Daphnis* will prevail,
The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Behold! the Aſhes while we lingring ſtay,
While we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Alter, and have fir'd the Wood,
That lies upon't: Heav'n ſend it be for good!

Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.
Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?
Cease now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

UPON

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Prince of ORANGE WITH THE Lady MARY.

I.

AS when of Old some bright and Heav'nly Dame
A God of equal Majesty did Wed;
Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings spread,
Strait at the News th' immortal Offspring came,

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace;
With no leſs Pomp, no leſs of Grandure we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confeſs an equal Joy,
And all expect as God like and as great a Race:
Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which riſe in Gratitude to Heaven from whence they came;
Gladſome next thoſe which brought our Royal Exile home,
When he reſum'd his long uſurped Throne:
Hark how the mighty Vollies rend the Air,
And ſhake at once the Earth and utmoſt Sphere;
Hark how the Bells harmonious Noiſe
Bear Conſort too with humane Joys;
Behold thoſe num'rous Fires, which up and down
Threaten almoſt new Conflagration to the Town.
Well do theſe Emblems, mighty *Orange*, ſpeak thy Fame,
Whoſe Loudneſs, Muſick, Brightneſs, all expreſs the ſame;

'Twas

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
In Thunder and in Lightning ſo approach'd
her bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'ns great Hoſtages!
Sure Pledges of a firm and laſting Peace!
Call't not a Match, we that low Stile diſdain,
Nor will degrade it with a Term ſo mean;
A League it muſt be ſaid,
Where Countries thus Eſpouſe, and Nations Wed:
Our Thanks, propitious Deſtiny
Never did yet thy Pow'r diſpence,
A more Plenipotentiary Influence,
Nor Heav'n more ſure a Treaty ratifie:
To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch too,
An equal ſhare of thanks is due,
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but
Heav'n and You.
Let others Boaſt
Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter
coſt;

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.

Not more to your great, Ancestor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:
By you to Foreign Countries we're Allied,
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves divide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Conduct prove
What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wise and Love?
In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment shew,
'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;
Others move only by unbridled guideless Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:
You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts should tye,
Which oft (and here they must) the Original belye,

(For

(For how ſhould Art that Beauty undertake,
Which Heav'n would ſtrive in vain again to make?)
Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
And worſhip not the Image, but the Deity:
Go, envied Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,
Too great for ought but mighty YORK to give:
She, whom if none muſt Wed, but thoſe who merit Her,
Monarchs might ceaſe Pretence, and ſlighted Gods deſpair:
Think You in Her far greater Conqueſt gain,
Then all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Country ta'ne.
In her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
And fancy there a Univerſal Monarchy!

IV.

And you, fair Princeſs, who could thus ſubdue,
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,

Enjoy your glorious Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes:
From him, and th' Height of your great Mind look down,
And with neglect deſpiſe a Throne,
And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown:
Naſſau in all which your Deſires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that ſingle Name;
A Name which *Mars* himſelf would with Ambition bear,
Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War,
To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increaſe,
If Heaven has not already ſet your Happineſs
Above its Pow'r to raiſe)
To You the zealous humble Muſe
Theſe ſolemn Wiſhes Conſecrates and Vows,
And begs you'll not her Offering refuſe,
Which not your Want, but her Devotion ſhews.

V.

May your great Conſort ſtill ſucceſsful prove,
In all his high Attempts, as in your Love:

May

May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;
May neither Senſe of Grief, or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others ſhow:
ay you be fruitful in as numerous Store
Princely Births, as She who your great Father bore:
May Heav'n to your juſt Merits kind
peal the ancient Curſe on Womankind:
Eaſie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain
May yours all prove, and juſt ſo free from pain:
May no rude Noiſe of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you ſpread,
Calm as the Seaſon, when fair Halcyons breed.
May you, and the juſt owner of your Breaſt,
oth in as full Content and Happineſs be bleſt,
As the firſt ſinleſs Pair of old enjoy'd:
Ere Guilt their Innocence and that deſtroy'd:
ill nothing but Continuance to your Bliſs can add;
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:

Till

Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmoſt Pitch of Flatter
ſhew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you
Nor know to frame a skilful Wiſh more great
Nor think a higher Bleſſing in the Gift of Fat

AN

ODE

for an Anniversary of MUSICK on S. Cecilia's Day.

I.

BEgin the Song, your Instruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide:
Let every Hand and every Tongue
To make the Noble Consort throng.
Let all in one Harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.

II.

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings reſound,
And break the yielding Air,
The raviſh'd Senſe how pleaſingly they wound
And call the liſt'ning Soul into the Ear;
Each Pulſe beats time, and every Heart,
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.
By Harmonies entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Extaſie;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower
And ſeem to antedate our future Bliſs on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the Charms that Muſick lends!
How faint its Pleaſures would appear,
But for the Pleaſures which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the ſilent Grave contented lye?

IV

IV.

ſick's the Cordial of a troubled Breaſt,
ſofteſt Remedy that Grief can find;
greateſt Spell that charms our Care to reſt,
calms the ruffled Paſſions of the Mind.
Muſick does all our Joy refine,
It gives the reliſh to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;
our chief Bliſs on Earth, and half our Heaven above.

Chorus.

me then with tuneful Throat and String
Praiſes of our Art let's ſing;
Lets ſing to Bleſt *CECILIA*'s Fame,
hat grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name;
With Muſick, Wine, and Mirth conſpire
bear a Conſort, and make up the Choir.

TO

TO
MADAM *L. E.*
Upon her Recovery from a lat Sickneſs.

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo la
Your wiſh'd return of Health congrat
late:
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;
And now ſuch haſt to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpea
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble joy I bring
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.

Lo

g time had you here brightly ſhone below
h all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow.
envious Cloud e'er offer'd to invaid
r Luſtre, or compel it to a Shade:
did it yet by any Sign appear,
that you thoroughout Immortal were.
Heaven (if Heaven could prove ſo cruel) ſent
interrupt the Growth of your content,
if it grudg'd thoſe Gifts you did enjoy,
would that Bounty which it gave, deſtroy:
was ſince your Excellence did envy move
thoſe high Powers and made them jealous prove.
ey thought theſe Glories ſhould they ſtill have ſhin'd
ſullied, were too much for Woman kind.
ich might they write as laſting as they're Fair,
great for ought but Deities appear:
Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Raviſher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickneſs did firſt a formed ſiege begin,
And by ſure ſlowneſs try'd your Life to win.
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant
To chaſe you hence and tire you to conſent.
But, thus in vain, Fate did to force reſort,
And next by Storm ſtrove to attack the Fort.
A Sleep, dull as your laſt, did you Arreſt,
And all their *Magazines* of Life poſſeſt.
No more the Blood its circling courſe did run,
But in the Veins, like Iſicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quick'ning heat)
The tunefull March of vitall Motion beat.
Stiffneſs did into all the Sinews climb,
And a ſhort Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from ſight ſo far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There might you (were not that ſenſe loſt) have ſeen
How your true Death would have reſented been:
A Lethargy like yours, each Breaſt did ſeize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Diſeaſe.
Around your ſilent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.
Mean while, all means, all Drugs preſcribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines ſo powerful they new Souls would ſave,
And Life in long dead Carcaſſes retrieve:
But theſe in va[illegible] they rougher Methods try,
And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain:
And 'twas a kindneſs thought to wiſh you pain!
As if the flack'ned ſtring of Life run down,
Could only by the Rack be ſcrew'd in tune.

But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its Pow'r
Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)
And loth to see such Glories overcome,
Sent a Post-Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not you subdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her Spindle fit:
And life's hid spark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled Light and brought it back again:
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you
Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too;
Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought
They saw so near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,
Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand;
Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave,
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save;

That

That Life which were it thus untimely loſt,
Had been the faireſt Spoil Death e'er could boaſt:
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
By whom ſuch good to you and us was brought:
Altars and Shrines to him are juſtly due,
Who ſhew'd himſelf a God by raiſing you.

But ſay, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this ſhort flight did go;
Went it to antidate that Happineſs,
You muſt at laſt (tho late we hope) poſſeſs?
Inform us leſt we ſhould your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Exſtaſie,
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us ſee:
That Goddeſſes from Wounds could not be free;
And you by this unwiſh'd Occaſion ſhow
That they like Mortal us can Sickneſs know:
Pity! that Heav'n ſhould all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.

And ſo you are; half boaſts a Deathleſs State;
Although your frailer Part muſt yield to Fate.
By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its bleſt Inhabitant is more diſplaid:
In that white Snow which over-ſpreads your Skin,
We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this ſhining Hue diſplay
Look like a Star plac'd in the milky way:
Such the bright Bodies of the Bleſſed are,
When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appear,
And ſhould you viſit now the Seat of Bliſs,
You need not wear another form but this.
Never did Sickneſs in ſuch Pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Diſeaſe it ſelf look'd amiable here.
So Clouds, which would obſcure the Sun oft gilded be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.
Grieve not, fair Nymph, When in your Glaſs you trace
The marring Footſteps of a pale Diſeaſe.

Regret

Regret not that your Cheeks their Roſes want,
Which a few Days ſhall in full ſtore replant,
Which, whilſt your Blood withdraws its guilty Red,
Tells that you own no Faults that Bluſhes need:
The Sun whoſe Bounty does each Spring reſtore,
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early Ray
Paints the young bluſhing Cheeks of inſtant Day:
Whoſe skill (inimitable here below,)
Limns thoſe gay Clouds which form Heav'ns colour'd Bow,
That Sun ſhall ſoon with Intereſt repay,
All the loſt Beauty Sickneſs ſnatch'd away.
Your Beams like his ſhall hourly now advance,
And every Minute their ſwift Growth enhance.
Mean while (that you no helps of Healths refuſe)
Accept theſe humble Wiſhes of the Muſe:
Which ſhall not of their juſt Petition fail,
If ſhe (and ſhe's a Goddeſs) ought prevail.

May no profane Diſeaſe henceforth approach,
This ſacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.
May theſe fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-ſet Harmony,
As the new Foundreſs of your Sex could boaſt,
Ere ſhe by Sin her firſt Perfection loſt:
May Deſtiny, juſt to your Merits, twine
All your ſmooth Fortunes in a Silken Line,
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largeſt Bottom give.
May Heaven with ſtill repeated Favours bleſs,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confeſs;
Till Wiſhes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fanſie you more fortunate.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. *Katharine Kingscourt*,

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

SHE did, She did—— I saw her mount the Skie,
And with new Whiteneſs paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I ſaw in Crowds bleſt Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they,

Earth was unworthy ſuch a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us ſhare the Bliſs:
In vain her ſtay with fruitleſs Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did ſo long diſpenſe,
(Since you ſo wiſh'd her) with her abſence thence:
We now reſign, to you alone we grant
The ſweet Monopoly of ſuch a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick Brightneſs in her ſhin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas ſure ſome noble being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be ſaid to die, but diſappear.
Or if ſhe Mortal was and meant to ſhow
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preſerv'd her by the Fall uncurſt,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at firſt.

Never

Never did yet ſo much Divinity
In ſuch a ſmall Compendium crouded lie.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* reſt,
Than lodg'd of Bleſſed Spirits in her Breaſt;
Religion dawn'd ſo early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint, whilſt in the Womb enſhrin'd,
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had ſhe learnt to liſp Religion's Name,
Ere ſhe by her Example preach'd the ſame,
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th' Atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confeſt might hear.
Her Thoughts had ſcarcely ever ſully'd been
By the leaſt Foot-ſteps of Original Sin.

Her

Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be ſaid,
So long ſhe liv'd; but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

A

SUNDAY-THOUGHT

In Sickneſs.

LOrd, how dreadful is the Proſpect of Death at the remoteſt Diſtance! How the ſmalleſt Apprehenſion of it can all the moſt gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in ſight of my Coffin, and drink a health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the leaſt Envoy of the King of Terrors. To ſee but the ſhaking of my Glaſs makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Diſtemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Converſation is turn'd on a ſudden into ſhagrin and melancholy, black as Deſpair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body ſeem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plumets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed theſe Fears?

Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Diſeaſe, which diſorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why ſhould my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World; ſome of them I have tried, and found empty, the others covet not, becauſe unknown. I'm confident I could deſpiſe 'em all by a Greatneſs of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Eſtabliſh'd a Reputation, and ſomething to make me ſurvive my ſelf. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the Regiſter, or Sexton

tell that I've never been in the Land of Living. In Fine, 'tis not from a Princi- of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have lled Self-preſervation, the poor Effect of ſtinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and verſion to undergo the general Fate, muſt ve a juſter Original, and flow from a ore important Cauſe. I'm well ſatisfied at this other Being within, that moves d actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood, s a Life beyond it and the Grave; and mething in it prompts me to believe its mmortality. A Reſidence it muſt have mewhere elſe, when it has left this Car- le, and another State to paſs into, un- hangeable and everlaſting as it ſelf after its eparation. This Condition muſt be good r bad according to its Actions and Deſerts n this Life; for as it owes its Being to ſome nfinite Power that created it, I well ſup- oſe it his Vaſſal, and oblig'd to live by his aw; and as certainly conclude, that ac- ording to the keeping or breaking of that aw, 'tis to be rewarded or puniſh'd here- after.

after. This Diversity of Rewards and Punishments makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits: Of the latter my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conscience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my single Breast. I dare not any longer with the Atheist disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergy's Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children, to scare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present (and will for ever I dread) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupifying

fying Wine (like ſome condemn'd Male-ctor) arm'd my ſelf againſt the Apprehen-ons of my certain Doom; Now, now the yrant awakes, and comes to pay at once Arrears of Cruelty. At laſt, but too late ke drowning Mariners) I ſee the gay onſters, which inveigled me into my eath and Deſtruction. Oh the gnawing emorſe of a raſh unguarded, unconſider-g Sinner! Oh how the Ghoſts of former imes affright my haunted Imagination, d make me ſuffer a thouſand Racks and artyrdoms! I ſee, methinks, the Jaws of eſtruction gaping wide to ſwallow me; d I (like one ſliding on Ice) though I ſee e Danger, cannot ſtop from running into My Fancy repreſents to me a whole Le-on of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, umberleſs as my Sins or Fears; and whi-her, Alas! whither ſhall I fly for Refuge? here ſhall I retreat and take Sanctuary? all I call the Rocks and Mountains to co-r me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its entre, and take me in? Poor ſhift of e-aping Almighty Juſtice! Diſtracting Fren-

zy!

zy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite, as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be a dying to all Eternity, and live for ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I stept out of't into my Grave, and saved the Expences and Toyl of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first

Breath,

Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as ſoon as the World; Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regenerate, & give me New Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Senſe! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted from my firſt Parents, my unhappineſs rather than Fault, inaſmuch as I was fain to be born of a Sinning Race: Then I had never enhans'd it with acquir'd Guilt, never added thoſe innumerable Crimes which muſt make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as thoſe Bleſſings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abuſed and miſimployed thoſe Parts and Talants which might have render'd me ſerviceable to Mankind, and repaid an Intereſt of Glory to their Doner? How ill do they turn to account which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and

Pimps and Panders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conſcientious of keeping to a ſilly Woman, a Creature beneath my ſelf? What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an uſeful Hypocriſie taken up for Intereſt, or a gay ſpecious Formality worn in Complaiſance to Cuſtom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Faſhion. How oft have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Aſſignation or Play, only for Diverſion; or at beſt, as I muſt ere long (for ought I know) with my Soul ſever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be impoſed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of theſe High Treaſons againſt the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to ſtrike me through the very Centre? Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundleſs

Pity

Pity and Compaſſion! My own Inſtances already tell me, that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to ſhock Long-ſufferance it ſelf, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle Attributes of Mercy and Forgiveneſs, by the laſt dying Accents of my ſuffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing Sinner: And thou great Ranſom of loſt Mankind, who offerd'ſt thy ſelf a Sacrifice to attone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my Advocate, and interceed for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone,
And (lo!) an Angel Poſt comes haſt'ning down
From Heav'n, I ſee him cut the yielding Air;
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;
So quick, my Sight in the purſuit was ſlow,
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go:
No angry Meſſage in his Look appears,
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears.

Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was ſeen by the bleſt Maid of old
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whoſe open'd Leaves the other ſeems to turn:
Vaſt Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heavenly Whiſper ſtrikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!
Welcom as the Bleſs'd Tidings thou doſt bring.
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'ſt but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd and unmov'd and endleſs Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator ſent.

TO

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, M. CHARLES MORWENT: A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clariùs effulsit, citiùs extinguitur, ripit se ansertque ex oculis supitò perfecta virtus: quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

I.

BEst Friend! could my unbounded Grief but (rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* should soon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene:*
Each should into a *Niobe* relent,
At once the Mourner and thy Monument,
Each should become

Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſt away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies:
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrow ſtill retrieve;
My life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapours melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;
Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

III.

Adieu, bleſt Soul! whoſe haſty Flight away
Tells Heaven did ne'er diſplay
Such Happineſs to bleſs the World with ſtay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmoſt Spite,
And ſhew'd her Shafts moſt times are levell'd at the white.
She ſaw thy blooming Ripeneſs time prevent;
She ſaw, and envious grew, and ſtraight her Arrow ſent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Froſts are paſt,
Nip'd by ſome unkind Blaſt,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haſte.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did ſhroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.
The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate, when ſhe did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The briſk Endowments of thy Mind
Scorning i'th Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And at firſt Dawn preſent a full-ſpread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the firſt Patern of our Race began
His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well thou acted'ſt in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder, and for Praiſe.

Thy

Thy prudent Conduct had ſo learnt to meaſure
The different whiles of Toil and Leaſure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleaſure.
Thy buſie Induſtry could Time dilate,
And ſtretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boaſt the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No ſingle Sand could e'er ſlip by
Without its Wonder, ſweet as high:
And every teeming Moment ſtill brought forth
A thouſand Rarities of Worth.
While ſome no other Cauſe for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou ſcorn'dſt ſuch Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dſt that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our juſt Wonder does commence,
How ſo ſmall Room could hold ſuch Excellence.
Nature was proud when ſhe contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee ſhe labor'd for a Name:

Hence

Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,
As if she meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd
All the Perfection lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a short Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.
Thus subtile Artists can
Draw Nature's larger self within a Span:
A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and all
Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII.

Those Parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But some uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all constellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd
To make themselves and thee admir'd:

And could thy growing Height a longer Stay
have known,
Thou hadſt all other Glories, and thy ſelf out-
done.
While ſome to knowledg by degrees arrive,
Through tedious Induſtry improv'd,
Thine ſcorn'd by ſuch pedantick Rules to
thrive;
But ſwift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er ſtruggl'd in its
Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought
forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unſtrain'd, and without Pain.
Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wiſdom
bare
So eaſie and ſo mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were theſe Fruits in a rough Soil beſtown
As Gems are thick'ſt in rugged Quarries ſown.
Good Nature and good Parts ſo ſhar'd thy mind,
A Muſe and Grace were ſo combin'd,
'Twas hard to gueſs which with moſt Luſtre
ſhin'd.

A

A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
As every Heart attack'd.
Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that Disturbers be,
That mar or disunite Society,
Were Foreiners to thee.
Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
Nature made that thy constant Guest,
And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This Made thy Courtesie to all extend,
And thee to the whole Universe a Friend,
Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.

Thou

Thou ſcorn'dſt the Map ſhould thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:
Thine reach'd to all beſide,
To every Member of the World's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindneſs only claims a Name more general
Which we the nobler call,
Becauſe 'tis common, and vouchſaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou ſeem'ſt corrupted with the very Power to pleaſe.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courteſie.
Thy Kindneſs by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages ſought,
But would its own be thought.
No Suiters went unſatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unſatisfy'd than they.
Brave *Titus*! thou might'ſt here thy true Portraiture find
And view thy Rival in a private mind.

Thou

Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,
When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,
Measur'd not by the *Sun*'s, but thine own kinder Rays.
Thou though'st each Hour out of Life's Journal lost
Which could not some fresh Favor boast,
And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydræ*.

XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largess with too slow a Grant;
Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the suspense of torturing Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,
Or thy too backward Kindness woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whose Pomp does for Intreaty wait:
But met the swift'st Desires half way;
And Wishes did well nigh anticipate;

And

And then as modeſtly withdrew,
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would ſtay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodneſs to the happy moſt accrue;
Somewhat was to the miſerable due,
Which they might juſtly challenge too.
What e'er Miſhap did a known Heart oppreſs,
The ſame did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, thine did th' Impreſſions take,
And paint its Sadneſs in as lively Dreſs.
Thou could'ſt Afflictions from anothers Breaſt tranſlate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine ſo much have grown,
They ſcarce were more our own;
Who ſeem'd exempt, thou ſuffer'dſt all alone.

XIII.

Our ſmall'ſt Misfortunes ſcarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in Sighs,
As a juſt Tribute to their Miſeries,
Thine with their mournful Airs did ſymbolize

Like

Like Throngs of Sighs did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:
Such is the ſecret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes deſcry,
If either by unskilful hand to rudely bent
Its ſoft Complaint in penſive murmurs vent,
As if it did that Injury reſent:
Untoucht the other ſtrait returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its ſweet Bowels a ſad Note's convey'd,
Like thoſe which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind compaſſion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodneſs bounded with ſo ſmall extent,
Or in ſuch narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears diſtill,
Who think that Moiſture which they ſpill
Can yield Relief,
Or ſhrink the Current of anothers Grief,
Who hope that Breath which they in ſighs convey,
Should blow Calamities away.

Thine

Thine did a manlier Form expreſs,
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the nobleſt Pity to redreſs.
So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow
On the unfortunate below,
For whom thoſe purer minds no Paſſion know:
Such nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whoſe every Breech does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it ſelf to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it ſheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to ſerve their uſe:
Firſt with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals:
And makes thoſe very Tears the Remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didſt thou to thy Foes leſs generous appear,
(If there were any durſt that Title wear.)
They could not offer Wrongs ſo faſt,
But what were pardon'd with like haſte;
And by thy acts of Amneſty defac't.

Had he who wiſh'd the Art how to forget
Diſcover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it ſet,
And juſtly ſcorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expoſe,
'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of thoſe,
As of material Blows.
No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softneſs always dampt the ſtroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are eaſieſt broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chaſe thy temper from its ſetled State:
But ſtill thou ſtoodſt unſhockt by all,
As if thou hadſt unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who diſclaim all Human Senſe,
And own no Paſſions to reſent Offence,
May paſs it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Virtue on thoſe Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect. Let

Let theſe themſelves in a dull Patience pleaſe,
Which their own Statues may poſſeſs,
And they themſelves when Carcaſſes.
Thou only couldſt to that high pitch arrive,
To court Abuſes, that thou mightſt forgive:
Wrongs thus in high Eſteem ſeem'd Courteſie,
And thou the firſt was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think theſe God-like Qualities
Could ſtand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Aſſignation, each Converſe
Gain'd thee ſome new Idolaters.
Thy ſweet Obligingneſs could ſupple Hate,
And out of it its contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels ceaſe,
And Fewds diſſolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy reſign'd her Force, and vanquiſh'd Spite
Became thy ſpeedy Proſelyte.

Malice could cheriſh Enmity no more;
And thoſe which were by Foes before,
Now wiſh'd they might adore,
Cæſar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by force ſubjected to his Yoke:
We read as great a Conquerer in thee,
Who couldſt by milder ways all Hearts ſubdue,
The nobler Conqueſt of the two;
Thus thou whole Legions mad'ſt thy Captives be,
And like him too couldſt look, and ſpeak thy Victory.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
Thou didſt Expreſs
To all, whom thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs:
To think of Paſſion by new Mothers bore,
To the young Offspring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,
Ere Duty it become:
We ſhould to mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might juſtly claim
And injure it by a degrading Name: Con-

Conceive the tender Care,
Of guardian Angels to their Charge aſſign'd
Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are,
Theſe are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to ſhew how thou waſt kind.

XIX.

On whomſoe'er thou didſt confer this Tye
'Twas laſting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Deſtiny,
Embraces would faint ſhadows of your Union ſhow,
Unleſs you could together grow.
That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not ſo faſtly wed,
Tho it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
Which twiſts the double Nature in Mankind
Only ſo cloſe can bind.
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Veſta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddeſs made,

Thy noble Flames moſt fitly parallel;
For thine were juſt ſo pure, and juſt ſo durable.
Thoſe feigned Pairs of Faithfulneſs which claim
So high a place in ancient Fame,
Had they thy better Pattern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee.
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.
Thy mind did with ſuch regular Calmneſs move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The will its eaſie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.

The

The Paſſions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor diſcompos'd thee with inteſtine Jars:
All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their reſty Tempers by,
And gentle Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themſelves in their firſt Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within ſuch ſilent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd aſleep.
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet ſcarce make leſs noiſe,
Or the ſoft Journey which a Planet goes.
Life ſeem'd all calm as its laſt Breath.
A ſtill Tranquillity ſo huſht thy Breaſt,
As if ſome *Halcyon* were its Gueſt.
And there had built her Neſt;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Reſt.
As that ſmooth Sea which wears the Name of *Peace*,

Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
As that unſpotted Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain ſupply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with ſuch clear Serenity ſtill ſhone,
As caus'd thy little World to ſeem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boaſt,
And Greatneſs, which no Travel, but their Mothers, coſt,
Let 'em extol a ſwelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Teſtament became;
At beſt but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.
Let ſome ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which thoſe bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as ſoon as Fame can yield.

Thou

Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low Rates to purchaſe Worth,
Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth,
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light:
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
And look'd on Empires as poor humble things.
Great as his boundleſs Mind,

Who

Who thought himself in one wide Globe e
fin'd,
And for another pin'd.
Great as that Spirit whose large Powers row
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl
And tell the World as well as Man can boast
Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,
Or thee above the common Level set.
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowmen
mar,
(As things most lofty smaller still appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
ove Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'
Whose Owners lessen while they raise th
Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole:*
In thee the wid'st Extreams were joyn'd
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.
Thus tho some part of Heav'ns vast Round
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,
Yet

Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preserv'd this noble Frame,
Thou stoodst at once secure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee the same:
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depress thee lower;
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dst down
Without the small concernment of a Smile or Frown
Heav'n less dreads that it should fir'd be
By the weak flitting Sparks that upward fly,
Less the bright Goddess of the Night
Fears those loud howlings that revile her Light
Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth should blast,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud, to overcast.
'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,
And make what was tho Fault the Punishment.

What

What more Assaults could weak Detrac
raise,
When thou coulst Saint disgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praise.
So Clouds which would obscure the Sun, o
gilded be,
And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would shroud their Splendor, look most bright
And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Fram
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Virtue been but proof against Death'
Arms,
Th'adst stood unvanquisht by thes
Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleasure, whose soft Magick oft beguile
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with smooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er ensnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her smoothing
Smiles.

In

n vain that Pimp of Vice aſſay'd to pleaſe,
n hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence ſtill that *Syren* paſt
Without being pinion'd to the Maſt:
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
nd forc'd the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doting Age
Could ne'er in the ſame Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
hoſe Talent is to court a faſhionable Sin,
nd act ſome fine Tranſgreſſion with a jaunty Meen,
May by ſuch Methods hope the Vogue to win,
Let thoſe gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accompliſhment,
Grow ſcandalous to get Eſteem;
And by Diſgrace ſtrive to be eminent.

Here

Here thou disdainst the common Ro
Nor wouldst by ought be woo'd
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did so disagree,
Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowled
prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wise.
Such the first Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, stood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer.
No sly Decoy would serve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates swerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worse
Because thou hadst so few Competitors.
Thou couldst adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:

When

When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,
When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimera*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou ow'n'dst no Crimes that shun'd the Light,
Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Blushes are to weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
And the whole World thy Confessor.
Conscience within still kept Assize,
To punish and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judge such strict Inspection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;
Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more:

Those

Thoſe little Eſcapades of Vice,
Which paſs the Cogniſance of moſt
I'th Crowd of following Sins forgot and loſt,
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miſs:
Thou didſt prevent the young deſires of ill,
And them in their firſt Motions kill:
The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawleſs as the Wind,
Thou couldſt to Rule and Order bind.
They durſt not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,
And free from ſtain as thy moſt publick Actions were.
Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,
And court no other Paradiſe,
Till want of Power
Bids 'em diſcard the ſtale Amour,
And when diſabled Strength ſhall force
A ſhort Divorce,
Miſcall that weak forbearance Abſtinence,
Which wiſe Morality and better Sence

Stiles

Stiles but [illegible] a [illegible] Impression.

Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly

'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.

Thou didst that puny Soul disdain

Whose half strain Virtue only can restrain;

Nor wouldst that empty Being own,

Which springs from Negatives alone.

But truly thoughtst it always Virtues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didst thou those mean Spirits more approve,

Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,

Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse

Nor wouldst a better Mistris chuse.

Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,

The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way.

To see her in her own Attractions drest,

Did all thy Love arrest,

Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Brest.

Thy generous Loyalty

Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.

Yet wast thou not of Recompence debarr'd,

But countedst Honesty its own Reward;

Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t'accrue,

For to be good to thee was to be happy too,

The secret Triumph of thy Mind,

Which always thou in doing well didst find,

Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven design'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail

In gross could thee their Owner call;

Thy all did in thy single Circle fall.

Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote

All those high Morals which in Books are sought.

Thy Practice did more Virtues share

Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,

Or in the *Stagarites* scant *Ethicks* grew:

Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,

Which share their time 'twixt Ecstasie and Prayer.

Modest

Modeſt as Infant Roſes in their bloom,
Which in a Bluſh their Lives conſume,
So chaſt, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,
So pure, that if bleſt Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow
Nor to ought elſe would for Acceſſion owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did ſhare;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre bow,
And ſeem'd t'inform thee only on Parole.
Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline,
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its courſe,
And makes it with that Swiftneſs riſe,

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom thy proud Victor's Rage
Shut Pris'ner in a golden Cage,
Condem'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vex'd and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd,
And ſtraight for an Aſſault prepar'd.
A ſudden and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb vitals preys:

Next

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon through its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay checkt with manly Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs mar'd,
Thy Body where due Symmetry
In juſt proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And life once more adjorn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe
Both for thy Virtue and our Praiſe;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd muſt neat,
When deep'ſt in Shades 'twas ſet,
Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire,
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set:
And then he looks moſt great,
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Thou ſharpeſt Pains didſt with that Courage bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patitence ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load,
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint;
Thou couldſt endure with true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone;
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVI.

All those Heroick Pieties,
Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Those nobler *Scævola*'s, whose holy Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
As if those Fires but lambent were;
Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.
Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural Death,
And each of them to thee resign his Wreath.
In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
So to caress a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,
As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:
These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhanse,
And Sickness to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Yet could not all theſe Miracles ſtern Fate avert,
Or make't without the Dart.
Only ſhe paus'd a while with Wonder ſtrook,
A while ſhe doubted if that Deſtiny was thine,
And turn'd o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd ſhe had miſtook;
And wiſh'd ſhe might have cut another Line.
But dire Neceſſity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait ſhe obeys, and ſtrait the vital Powers grow
To weak to grapple with a ſtronger Foe,
And now the feeble Strife forgoe.
Life's ſap'd Foundation every Moment ſinks,
And every Breath to leſſer compaſs ſhrinks;
Laſt panting Gaſps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to uſher in Eternal Night. XXXIX.

XXXVIII.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadfulſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Mormo* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too't had loſt her Sting.
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou

Thou like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit here beneath,
And couldst, as easily
As they do that, put off Mortality.
Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XXXIX.

Go happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to shine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the spangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet stop not there, till thou advance yet higher,
'Till thou art swallow'd quite
In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight:
Delight, which there alone in its true Essence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss:
Where the *Regalio*'s of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy,
Where Pleasures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy self, and boundless too.

There

There may'ſt thou learned by *Compendium* grow;
For which in vain below
We ſo much time, & ſo much pains beſtow.
There may'ſt thou all *Idea*'s ſee,
All wonders which in knowledg be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XL.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Duſt,
And puts on Sables for its tender Truſt.
Tho' dead, it yet retains ſome untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may the Soul's fair Foot-ſteps trace;
Which no diſeaſe can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only ſerve to conſecrate thy Doom.
Thoſe marks of Death which did its Surface ſtain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
Thoſe Aſterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin
Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus amongſt ancient *Picts* Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honorable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew:
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLI.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew,

And

And thro' each part a ſwifter Ruin threw.
Now conſcious, its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to ſally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Bluſhes 'twould its Guilt attone.
A ſacred Rubrick does thy Carcaſs paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.
So *Phœbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And bluſhes he can live no longer to give Light.

XLII.

Let Fools, whoſe dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcaſſes a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some coſtly Urn,
Which ſhortly, like themſelves, to Duſt ſhall turn.
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin ſhall ere long in its own Tomb interr.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built ſo high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

Thy Virtues ſhall embalm thy Name,
And make it laſting as the Breath of Fame,
When frailer Braſs
Shall moulder by a quick Decreaſe;
When brittle Marble ſhall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a prey.
Thy Praiſe ſhall live, when Graves ſhall buried lie,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die,
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

To

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

No, I'll no more repine at Destiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,
When thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see,
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might save.
Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreversible Decree.
Thou didst alone such Worth, such Goodness share
As well deserv'd to be immortal here;
Deserve a Life as lasting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At least, why went thy Soul without its Mate?
Why

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illuſtrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits ſhew,
Altho' the beſt of Patriarchs that,
And this the beſt of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the bleſſed Pair tranſlate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundleſs Happineſs,
And never paſt Death's Straights & narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profeſſion under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjuſt Diſdain,
An upright Lawyer Contradiction ſeem'd,
And was at leaſt a Prodigy eſteem'd.
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like ſome Blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the ſtrange honeſt Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks ſhould give,

To thee who couldst alone its lost Repute retrieve.
Thou the vast wide extremes didst reconcile
The first, almost, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didst distribute Right so equally,
Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by thee.
And none did now regret
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth succeeding time shall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the best of all the kind:
The best e'er since the man that gave
Our suffering God a grave;
(That God who living no abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to save)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Those Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of Fame,
And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fools.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'erthrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho all of theirs were mixt in one.
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear:
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.

Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born:

It never did reproach its Birth,

By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,

But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who

Can only by diffusing greater grow:

He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,

And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.

So kind, so generous, and so free,

As if he only liv'd in Courtesie.

To be unhappy did his Pity claim,

Only to want it did deserve the same:

Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and Misery.

His unconfin'd unhoarded Store

Was still the vast Exchequer of the poor;

And whatsoe'er in pious Acts went out

He did in his own Inventory put:

For

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too,
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and so universal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense:
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And visits all Mankind, and every place,
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way:
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find:

But like his Soul, its fair Original:
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his kindness free,
Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,
And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality,
Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow
Its Favors on our undeserving Race below:
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.
To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberality,
And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Doner does no costly Gratitude require,
No charge of Sacrifice desire;
Nor anew expensive Hecatombs to raise,
As heretofore,

To make his Altars float with reeking Gore,
A ſmall Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthleſs Thanks and Praiſe.

IV.

But how, bleſt Saint, ſhall I thy numerous Virtues ſum,
If one or two take up this room?
To what vaſt bulk muſt the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the faireſt Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a ſeveral Grace, and Air, and Line,
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:
So muſt I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Idea*'s there:
And yet at laſt of a juſt Praiſe deſpair,
Whatever ancient Worthies boaſt,

Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create,
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Virtues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a juſt Conduct claim,
No falſe Religion which from Cuſtom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:
No Iſſue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That

That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cauſe durſt die,
And durſt out-ſuffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being ſo,
Moſt thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow.
Exalted far above the vain ſmall Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceleſs thing,
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join,
To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine,
They'd have confeſt it pure, confeſt it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Impoſture or Deſign.
Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proſelyte as faſt as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a deſtroying Angel ſtand
With brandiſh'd Thunder in his Hand,

Ready

Ready the bidden Stroke to give;
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleneſs did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and inteſtine Jars:
Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, ſhe
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
And harbor'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars.
Surly, uncomplaiſant, and rough ſhe grew,
And of a ſoft and eaſie Miſtris turn'd a Shrew.
Paſſion and Anger went for marks of Grace,
And Looks deform'd and ſullen ſanctifyed a Face.
Thou firſt its meek and primitive Temper didſt reſtore,
Firſt ſhew'dſt how men were pious heretofore:
The gall-leſs Dove, which otherwhere could find no Reſt,
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breaſt,
And ſtraight the ſwelling Waves decreaſt
And ſtraight tempeſtuous Paſſions ceaſt,

Like

Like Winds and Storms where ſome fair *Halcyon* builds her Neſt,
No overthreatning Zeal did thee inſpire,
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
To warm, but not devour,
And only did refine, and make more pure:
Such is that Fire that makes thy preſent bleſt Abode
The Reſidence and Palace of our God.
And ſuch was that bright unconſuming Flame,
So mild, ſo harmleſs and ſo tame,
Which heretofore ith' Buſh to *Moſes* came:
At firſt the Viſion did the wondring Prophet ſcare,
But when the Voice had check'd his needleſs Fear,
He bow'd and worſhipp'd and confeſt the Deity was there.

IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Gueſt.
Hail new Inhabitant amongſt the Bleſt!
Methinks I ſee kind Spirits in convoy meet,
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who,

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief
away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:
By them thou'rt led on high
To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.
Where circulating Pleasures make an endless
Round
To which scant Time or Measure sets no Bound,
Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,
And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,
Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:
Where being is no longer Life but Extasie,
But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.
A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,
And all a muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse:
There happy Thou
From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Business free,
From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below,
Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

FINIS.

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CHARACTER.

NO *wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom* Nature *was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in* Painting, *where the most mishapen* Figures *are the greatest* Proofs *of* Skill. *To draw a* Thersites *or* Æsop *well, requires the* Pencil *of* Vandike *or* Titian, *more than the best* Features *and* Lineaments. *All the Thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very* Idæa *and* Conception *of him are enough to cramp* Grammar, *to disturb* Sence, *and confound* Syntax. *He's a* Solecism *in the great* Construction, *therefore the best* Description *of him is* Nonsence, *and the fittest* Character *to write it in, that* Pot-hook-hand *the Devil us'd at* Oxford *in* Queens Colledge-Library. *He were* Topick *enough for convincing an* Atheist *that the World was made by Chance. The first* Matter *had more of* Form *and* Order, *the* Chaos *more of* Symmetry *and* Proportion. *I could call him* Nature's By-blow, Miscarriage *and* Abortive, *or say, he is her* Embryo *slink'd before* Maturity; *but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his* Deformity. *He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and* Age *to make worse. All the* Monsters *of* Africa *lie kennell'd in his single* Skin. *He's one of the* Grotesques *of the* Universe, *whom the grand* Artist *drew only (as* Painters *do uncouth ugly* Shapes) *to fill up the empty* Spaces *and* Cantons *of this great* Frame. *He's* Man anagrammatiz'd: *A* Mandrake *has more of* Humane Shape: *His* Face *carries* Libel *and* Lampoon *in't.* Nature *at its* Composition *wrote* Burlesque, *and shew'd him how far she could out-do* Art *in* Grimace. *I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the* Play-houses *to draw* Antick Vizards *by.*

Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the Scaramuchio *of* Mankind. *When I see him, I can no more forbear than at sight of a* Zany *or* Nokes; *but am like to run the Risque of the* Philosopher, *looking on an* Ass *mumbling* Thistles. *He's more ill-favour'd than the* Picture *of* Winter *drawn by a Fellow that dawbs* Sign-Posts, *more lowring than the last day of* January. *I have seen a handsomer* Mortal *carv'd in* Monumental Gingerbread, *and woven in* Hangings *at* Mortlock. *If you have ever view'd that* wooden Gentleman *that peeps out of a Country* Barber's *Window, you may fancy some* Resemblance *of him. His damn'd squeezing* Close-stool-Face *can be liken'd to nothing better than the* Buttocks *of an old wrinkled* Baboon, *straining upon an* Hillock. *The very* Sight *of him in a morning would work with one beyond* Jalap *and* Rhubarb. *A* Doctor (*I'm told*) *once prescrib'd him to one of his* Parishioners *for a* Purge: *he wrought the* Effect, *and gave the* Patient *fourteen* Stools. *'Tis pity he is not drawn at the* City Charges, *and hung up in some publick* Forica *as a* Remedy *against* Costiveness.

Indeed by his Hue *you might think he had been employed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of* Scoggin *or* Tarleton *on a* Privy-house *Door, which by long standing there has contracted the* Color *of the neighbouring* Excrements. *Reading lately how* Garagantua *came into the* World *at his Mother's* Ear, *it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth; that his* Dam *was deliver'd of him on t'other side, beshit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the* Stains. *His filthy* Countenance *looks like an old* Chimney-piece *in a decay'd Inn, sullied with* Smoak, *and the sprinkling of* Ale-pots. *'Tis dirtier than an ancient* thumb'd Record, *greasier than a Chandler's* Shop-book, *You'd imagine* Snails *had crawl'd the* Hay *upon it. The Case of it is perfect* Vellum, *and has often been mistaken for it:*

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a Scrivener *was like to cheapen it for making* Indentures *and* Deeds: *Besides 'tis as wrinkled as a* walking Buskin: *It has more* Furrows *then all* Cotswold. *You may resemble it to a* Gammon *of* Bacon *with the* Swerd *off. I believe the* Devil *travels over it in his Sleep with* Hob-nails *in his* Shoes. *By the* Maggot-eaten Sur-face, *you'd swear he had been dug out of his* Grave *again with all his* Worms *about him to bait* Eel-hooks. *But enough of it in General; I think it time to descend to* Particulars; *I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his* Text, i. e. *tear it asunder: 'Tis so. I begin with the most remarkable part of it, his* Mouth (*saving your presence* Christian Readers) *is like the* Devils Arse *of* Beak, *and is just as large. By the Scent you'd take it for the* Hole *of a* Privy: *He may be winded by a good* Nose *at twelve-score; I durst have vented that first being in Company that he dieted on* Assa-fœtida. *His very* Discourse *stinks in a* Literal Sence; *'tis* breaking-Wind, *and you'd think he talk'd at the other* End. *Last* New-years day *he tainted a* Loin *of* Veal *with saying* Grace: *All the* Guests *were fain to use the* Fanatical Posture *in their own* Defence, *and stand with their* Caps *over their* Eyes, *like* Malefactors *going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd. The* Breach *is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a* Milliner, *he might measure* Ribbon *by it without the help of his* Yard *or* Counter. *It reaches so far backwards, those, that have seen him with his* Perruke *off, say it may be discerned behind When he gapes, 'twould stretch the* Dutchess *of* Cl—— *to straddle over: I had almost said, 'twas wide as from* Dover *to* Calice. *Could he shut it, the* Wrinkles *round about would represent the Form of the* Seamens Compass, *and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty* Emblem *of those swelling* Mouths, *at the* Corners *of* Maps *puffing out* Storms. *When he* Smoaks, *I am always thinking of* Mongibel *and its* Eruptions. *His* Head *looks exactly like a*

Deviſe *on a* Kitchin Chimney; *His* Mouth *the* Vent *and his* Noſe *the* Fane. *And now I talk of his* Snout, *I dare not mention the* Elephants *for fear of ſpeaking too little: I'd make bold with the old* Wit, *and compare it to the* Gnomon *of a* Dial; *but that he has not* Teeth *enough to ſtand for the* twelve Hours. *'Tis ſo long, that when he rides a* Journey, *he makes uſe of it to open* Gates. *He's fain to ſnite it with both* Hands. *It cannot be wip'd under as much as the* Royal Breech. *A* Man *of ordinary* Bulk *might find* Shelter *under its* Eves, *were it not for the* Dropings. *One proteſted to me in* Raillery *that when he looks againſt the* Sun, *it ſhadows his whole* Body, *as ſome* ſtory *of the* Sciopodes Feet. *Another* Hyperbolical Raſcal *would make me believe that the* Arches *of it are as large as any two of* London-Bridge, *or the great* Rialto *at* Venice. *Not long ago I met a one-leg'd* Tarpawlin *that had been begging at his* Door, *but could get nothing: The witty* Whoreſon (*I remember*) *ſwore that his* Bow-ſprit *was as long as that of the* Royal Sovereign. *I confeſs, ſtood he in my way: I durſt not venture round by his* Foreſide, *for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the* Cape: *He has this* Priveledge *for being unmannerly that it will not ſuffer him to put of his* Hat: *And therefore (*'*tis ſaid*) *at home he has a* Cord *faſten'd to it, and draws it off with a* Pully, *and ſo receives the* Addreſſes *of thoſe that viſit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himſelf ſneeze theſe* ſeven Years: *And that leads me to his* Tools *of* Hearing: *His* Ears *reſemble theſe of a* Country Juſtices Black Jack, *and are of the ſame* matter, hue, and ſize: *He's as well hung as any* Hound *in the* Country; *but by their* Bulk *and* growing *upward, he deſerves to be rank'd with a graver of* Beaſts: *His ſingle ſelf might have ſhown with* Smeck, *and all the* Club Divines. *You may pare enough from the* ſides *of his* Head *to have furniſht a whole* Regiment *of* Round-Heads: *He wears more there then all the* Pillories *in* Eng-

land

land ever have done. Mandeville tells us of a People somewhere, that use their Ears for Cushions: He has reduced the Legend to Probability: A Servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that going to Bed he binds them on his Crown, and they serve him instead of Quilt Night-Caps. The next observable that falls under my Consideration is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his Shoulders: He was built with a Buttress to support the weight of his Nose; and help ballance it. Nature hung on him a Knapsack, and made him represent both Tinker and Budget too. He looks like the Visible Tye of Æneas bolstring up his Father, or like a Beggar-Woman, indorst with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for Anti-Christopher with the Devil at his Back. I believe the Atlas in Waltham-Garden or Oxford was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a Cupping-Glass: His Mother longed for Pumpions, or went to see some Camel shown while she was conceiving him. One would think a Mole has crept into his Carcase before 'tis layd in the Church-Yard, and Rooted in it, or that an Earthquake had disorder'd the Symmetry of the Microcosm, sunk one Mountain and put up another. And now I should descend lower, if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my Pen: My Ink is too cleanly for a farther Description. I must beg my Reader's Distance: as if I were going to Untruss. Should I mention what is beneath, the very Jakes would suffer by the Comparison, and 'twere enough to bring a Bog-house in Disgrace. Indeed he ought to have been driven, like the good People on the Parliament-House, only from the Shoulders upwards. To me 'tis a greater Prodigy than himself, how his Soul has so long endured so nasty a Lodging. Were there such a thing as a Metempsychosis, how gladly would it exchange its Carcase for that of the worst and vilest Brute: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the whim of Præexistance; for

any

any thing that had the Pretence of Reason would never have entered such a Durance of Choice: Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of Sin, for which Heaven dooms it Penance in the present Body, and ordains it its first Hell here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for 'a has suffered half an Eternity already. Men can hardly tell which of the two will out-live the other. By his Face you'd guess him one of the Patriarchs, and that he liv'd before the Flood: His Head looks as if it had worn out three or four Bodies, and were designed to wear by his Great-Grand-father. His Age is but of Knowledg. I believe he was born before Registers were invented. He should have been a Ghost in Queen Mary's Days. I wonder Holingshead does not speak of him. Every Limb about him is Chronicle. Par and John of the Times were short-Livers to him. They say, he can remember when Paul's was Founded, and London-Bridge built: He himself can hand him all the Stories of York and Lancaster upon his own Knowledge. His very Cane and Spectacles are enough to set up an Antiquary. The first was the Walking-staff of Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury which is to be seen by his Arms upon the Head of it. The other belong'd to the Chaplain of William the Conqueror; was of Norman make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of M. Fickle forget to make his Sir Arthur Oldlore swear by them, the Oath had been of as good Antiquity as St. Austin's Night-Cap, or Mahomet's Threshold. I have often wonder'd he never set up for a Conjurer: His very Look would bring him in Vogue, draw Custom, and undo Lilly and Gadbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of Old Haly or Albumazar, or the Spirit Frier in the Fortune Book, his Head for the inchanted brazen one of Frier Bacon. 'Twould pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Diagrams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there upon

on

on strict view. And t'other day a Linguist *of my* Acquaintance *shew'd me all the* Arabick Alphabet *between his* Brow *and* Chin. *Some have admired how he came to be admitted into* Orders, *since his very* Face *is against the* Canon: *I guess he pleaded the* Qualification *of the* Prophets *of Old, to be* withered; Toothless *and* deformed. *He can pretend to be an* Elisha *only by his* Baldness. *The* Devils Oracles *heretofore were utter'd from such a* Mouth. *'Twas then the* Candidates *for the* Tripus *were fain to plead* Wrinkles *and* Grey Hairs; *a* Splay Mouth, *and a* goggle Eye *were the cheapest* Simony, *and the* ugly *and* crippled *were the only* men *of* Preferment. *And this leads me to consider him a little in the* Pulpit. *And there 'tis hard to distinguish whether that or his* Skin *be the coarser* Wainscoat: *He represents a Cracked* Weather-Glass *in a* Frame. *You'd take him by his* Looks *and* Posture *for* Muggleton *doing* Pennance *and pelted with* rotten Eggs. *Had his* Hearers *the trick of Writing* short-Hand, *I should fancy him an* Offender *upon a* Scaffold, *and them Penning his* Confession. *Not a* fluxt Debauch *in a* sweating Tub *makes worse* Faces. *He* makes Doctrine *as Folks do their* Water *in the* Stone *or* Strangury. Balaams *Ass was a better* Divine, *and had a better* Delivery. *The* Thorn *at* Glastenbury *had more* Sence *and* Religion, *and would make more* Converts. *He speaks not, but grunts, like one of the* Gadaren Hogs *after the* Devils *enter'd. When I came first to his* Church *and saw him perch'd on high against a* Pillar, *I took him by his gaping for some* Juggler *going to swallow* Bibles *and* Hour-Glasses. *But I was soon convinc'd that other* Feats *were to be play'd, and on a sudden lost all my* Sences *in* Noise. *A Drunken* Huntsman *reeling in while he was at* Prayer, *asked if he were giving his* Parishoners *a* Hollow: *He has preached half his* Parish *deaf: His* Din *is beyond the* Catadupi *of* Nile: *All his* Patrons Pigeons,

are frighted from their Apartment, and he's generally believed the Occasion. He may be heard farther then Sir Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. Nay one damn'd mad Rogue swears, Should he take a Text concerning the Resurrection, he might serve for the last Trumpet. And yet in one Respect he's found for the Function. His Countenance, if not Doctrine, can scare men into Repentance, like an Apparition: Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, then now while he is alive.

A Maid meeting him in the Dark in a Church-Yard, was frighted into Phanaticism. Another is in Bedlam upon the same Occasion: I dare not approach him without an Exorcism. In the Name, &c. is the fittest Salutation: Some have thought the Parsonage House haunted since he dwelt there. In York-shire ('tis reported) they make use of his Name instead of Raw-Head and Bloody-bones to fright Children. He is more terrible then those Phantoms Country Folks tell of by the Fire side, and pretend to have seen, with Leathern-wings, Cloven-feet, and Sawcer-eyes: If he go to Hell (as 'tis almost an Article of my Creed, he will) the Devils will quake for all their warm Dwelling, and crowd up into a Nook for fear of him.

FINIS.